



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

because when two men were fighting for the Papacy, it was really hard to know at the time which Pope was the true successor, until it was seen which Pope beat the other; and some excuse, therefore, might be made for those who did not know the true Pope, until victory and the lapse of time had settled the list. Yet, we never heard of any victorious Pope doing anything for the souls of the followers of the conquered Pope, to get them out of purgatory.

It might have seemed a graceful and a generous act in a successful Pope, to grant an indulgence to all dead followers of his defeated enemy, by passing a Bull to let them all out of purgatory. But somehow it never was done. We can only account for it by supposing that the followers of all false Popes go direct to hell; and, therefore, nothing can be done for them in purgatory.

But this makes it more than ever necessary that every man while alive should know which is the true Pope—that is, if there be really any great difference between them, besides success and failure in the object of their ambition.

But those very awkward-looking gaps, in all modern lists, of Popes of the same name, afford conclusive proof that while the so-called "Antipopes" were living, men took them for true Popes, and called them Pope so long that it was hopeless in after times to alter the numbering of the list.

There must have been a total confusion in the public mind about those now called true Popes, and false Popes, at the time when it was most essential that the difference (if there really was such a difference) should be clearly understood.

It is quite evident that there was not any practical way of deciding at the time which of the rival claimants (if either) was the true successor of the apostle.

If our readers could know the crimes, the bloodshed, the confusion, and the misery to mankind, and the shame and disgrace to the Church of God, which have arisen from all the various disputes that have happened by reason of the rival claims to the Bishopric of Rome, they would feel more ashamed of "the succession of the Popes" than, perhaps, of anything else connected with the Church of Rome; they would see that the Papacy has not been a source of unity to the Church, but of war and bloodshed to Christendom.

We may give some of these sad histories hereafter. We have said enough now to put it to the consciences of religious Roman Catholics to consider whether the succession of the Popes has been such that they can with confidence point to it as a proof of the APOSTOLICITY of the modern Church of Rome?

#### TALK OF THE ROAD.—No. XXXI.

"Jem," said Pat, "I wonder did God Almighty mean that the priests was to govern the country?"

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "it isn't likely; for didn't Jesus Christ say his kingdom was not of this world?" and if the priests are only the ministers of Christ, what business would they have governing the country? But what set you thinking of that, Pat?"

"Well, Jem," said Pat, "I got another loan of the *Tablet* newspaper, and it's the greatest paper at all for telling a thumping bit of truth betimes. Maybe a man couldn't make out a newspaper if he hadn't a good bit of truth in his pocket, with a fine bag of lies beside it."

"Well, and what's in the *Tablet* now, Pat?" said Jem. So Pat pulled out of his pocket the *Tablet* of August 25th, and they fell to reading the great article in it; and Pat read out:—

"This country of ours is a Catholic country; the real constituents of it are the bishops and the priests; we take this for granted, and we do not see how it can be questioned. There are, of course, exceptions—places where lay influence predominates; but, on the whole, the Irish representation is the work of the priesthood. The Irish members are in Parliament because the priests have sent them there; they know it perfectly well, and the Protestants are not ignorant of it."

"Well, that's true anyway," said Jem; "sure it's the priest makes the member, and no mistake; but why does the people get the worst of it? What call have the people to it at all? Isn't it the poor case for them that has votes to be ordered one way by the agent and the tother by the priest? And where's the differ, only that no one gets beat at a fair or a market for voting again the agent? But wouldn't it be the fine thing if parliament would make a law that the priests would just send their own members without bothering the people at all, and getting them into trouble? I wonder is that what the *Tablet's* after? It would be the fine thing for the people anyway; sure it's the greatest of peace they would get."

"Well, it would be peace anyway," said Pat; "but that isn't what the *Tablet* set me a-thinking. Did God Almighty mean that the priests was to return the members?"

"Well," said Jem, "if the kingdom of Christ isn't of this world, what business would the priests have, only with the kingdom of heaven?"

"Well, it will be the great day anyway," said Pat, "when the clergy thinks of nothing only of getting the people to the kingdom of heaven, without harrasing about

elections. Maybe it is what Jesus Christ would like after all."

"Well, now," said Jem, "I'm thinking the clergy ought to keep to the kingdom of heaven. But I wonder how it is in foreign parts, and in America? Is it always the priests that returns the members?"

"Well, man alive," said Pat, "isn't that the very thing the *Tablet* tells us? Sure here it is; and so Pat read out of the newspaper—

"The Irish priests are also the ONLY priests in EUROPE or AMERICA who have such powers. . . . They can do in Ireland what the priests CANNOT do in France, Belgium, or Piedmont."

"Well, if that isn't something to know," said Jem; "and what call have they to it in Ireland, if they havn't it in any other part of the world? Sure it can't be no part of the religion of the Church of Rome at all!"

"Well, Jem," said Pat, "it's little I'm caring now for what's part of the religion of the Church of Rome. Sure I want to get the religion of Christ. And did Jesus Christ mean that the priests was to have the power of returning the members of Parliament, and governing the country their own way?"

"Well, that's clear anyway," said Jem, "that he didn't mean that at all, when he said his kingdom wasn't of this world. But if the clergy could get us good members, what would stop them doing it?"

"Well, Jem, you omadhaun," said Pat, "sure isn't that what the *Tablet* is all about; just showing that the members the priests returns is the greatest set of villians and cheaters in all the Parliament! Sure here it is, that the members the priests sends to Parliament thinks of nothing but asking the government for 'judgeships, clerkships, and other favours.' And doesn't the *Tablet* 'beg to ask them whether they have not sacrificed not only the material interests, but even the spiritual welfare, of the poor Irishman, to their own political and personal convenience.' And now, Jem, isn't that enough to show that the priests is the worst at all to return the members for the country, when they send thinks of nothing but what they can get out of it for themselves, and cares nothing at all about the people?"

"Well, sure enough that's fit for the people to think about," said Jem. "But what's 'material interests,' anyway."

"Well, Jem," said Pat, "sure that's the pratics or the meal we eat, and the bit of that on the roof that want's the new straw, or the rotten sticks that's breaking under it in every cabin you go into, and the stool that has lost the leg, and the old pot that's cracked, and the sod of turf that can't be got, and the window with the old hat that's stuck in it, and the door that won't keep out the cowl, and for the old blanket and the bed, we'll say nothing of them; them's the 'material interests,' Jem," said Pat.

"Oh, then, sure enough it's little the priest's member ever did for the 'material interests,'" said Jem. "Sure the Rev. Mr. Owens did more for that, anyway, when he gave me the blankets that's over the children. But what does the *Tablet* mean about the spiritual welfare of the poor Irishman? What did the priests' members do with that at all?"

"Well, then, Jem," said Pat, "I'm not quite clear about what they done with that; but, sure, here's what the *Tablet* lays the blame on them for; and so Pat read out of the paper—

"Ireland is not only losing her population, but the Church is losing that population in other lands. It is not merely that Irishmen emigrate bodily, but it is that Irishmen emigrate SPIRITUALLY. This is the question for the constituents."

"Them constituents, you know, is the priests', Jem," said Pat.

"Oh, then, I know what that means anyway," said Jem, "though I don't see what the members has to do with it; but I know what *emigrating spiritually* means well; sure isn't that what Father Mullin said in his letter,\* that the Irish all turns Protestants in America?"

And with that Jem turned round on Pat, and got a grip of his arm, and, says Jem, "why wouldn't we both go to America, Pat, like so many of the boys that wants to turn?"

"Oh, Jem," said Pat, "don't talk about that; sure that's what's killing me. Sure I could go to America, and not be ashamed of Christ there, if the wife and childer would beg till I send for them; but why would I be afraid to confess Christ in IRELAND, and maybe have him ashamed of me; and don't talk of what's killing me, now anyway," said Pat.

So Jem allowed he wouldn't talk about it then.

"But if the priests' members is that bad," said Jem, "as the *Tablet* allows they are, does God Almighty mean that the priests is to return the members, and to govern the country?"

"Well, if the priests' members is the worst of all," said Pat, "sure that shows that God Almighty meant the priests to mind the kingdom of heaven, and let the people get the best members they could. But I'll tell you what, Jem," said Pat, "we'll have to talk about going to America, or speaking out like men in Ireland. And if they do, we shall have to tell it."

\* For Father Mullin's letter, in which he calculates that 1,900,000 Roman Catholic emigrants have been lost to the Church since the year 1825, see the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, vol. I., p. 103.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To diminish the chance of disappointment, all letters should be forwarded to the office by the first day of the month.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Backville-st. Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber. Any one receiving any number of the journal which has not been paid for or ordered by himself, will not be charged for it, and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

## The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, SEPTEMBER 15, 1855.

It is ever with a solemn sense of responsibility that we endeavour to convince our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, that many of their most cherished religious opinions are erroneous.

We are sensible that men who begin to doubt what they have long believed, may be in danger of allowing doubt to transgress its due limits; and believing an assured and settled faith to be of all things most precious to man, we feel the responsibility of any course that brings it into question.

At the same time we feel that no faith can be settled or secure which is not founded on the promise of God. Credulity has always ended in unbelief. Those who see, as many Roman Catholics cannot but see, that there are many impostures in their religion, must be ever in danger of taking religion itself for an imposture, especially if they observe that priests would rather countenance some manifest impostures, than submit the evidence of religion to examination.

We believe that in the long run faith will be preserved in the world by those who have sufficient faith in truth to be fearless in assaulting error. We, therefore, do not fear to urge our fellow-countrymen to reject whatever has no warrant from God, and no proof from reason; but, at the same time, we earnestly desire that they should keep before their eyes those great truths which all the efforts of Satan and his servants have never been able to shake.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."—Psalm xiv. 1.

If there be found upon a road the simplest and rudest instrument which bears the marks of contrivance to answer a purpose, none but a fool will believe that the contrivance had no intellectual Being for its author.

He who looks upon the heavens by night, or the earth by day—upon the greatest or the least of the works and operations of nature—and does not see the evidence and handwriting of the Creator of all, is a fool past all reasoning with.

Yet this is the smallest part of the witness for God. He bears witness to HIMSELF. God is in the voice of conscience; in the sense of sin and fear, He makes His own Being FELT in the heart of man.

ALL men HAVE felt, that which no man would feel, if he could, the sense of SIN and GUILT. Man cannot hinder God from making His Being known in the heart of man.

That we have SOULS is proved by the mere fact that we are capable of a sense of sin and guilt. Mere animals have no such sense, and are not capable of it.

The immortality of the soul, and the reality of a life to come, is proved by the very fact, that man is a being capable of forming ideas, and of feeling hopes and fears respecting it. Man is capable of longings and desires which this world is NOT capable of satisfying. All nature proves that whatever desires God has made any living creature capable of forming, God has also provided somewhat capable of satisfying those desires.

Man cannot help looking forward beyond the grave; and cannot, if he would, divest his mind of fear of what *may* follow.

Thus, God compels us to *feel*, respecting a life to come.

The sense of sin and guilt is God's own handwriting upon our souls within, that He has appointed a day, in which he will judge the world.

And with respect to His own goodness, "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from Heaven, filling our hearts with food and gladness."—Acts xiv. 17. And mankind has acknowledged that witness.

A great society of people, called His "Church," has existed for 1800 years. That Church has preserved and handed down to us a Book which claims to have come from God. We can trace that society, and THAT Book, in every age. WE KNOW that we have that Book, just as it was written, some of it 1800 years ago, some of it 3,300 years ago.

TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO, when Egypt was the mightiest kingdom of the earth—ruling over the nations, and bidding fair to rule over them for ever—executing works and buildings which remain to this day as the wonder of the world—works that never have been, and never will be equalled in the world—THAT Book declared of Egypt, "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations: for I will diminish them, that they shall *no more rule over the nations*. . . . *There shall be no more a Prince of the land of Egypt*."—Ezekiel xxix. 15; xxx. 13.

FOR TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED years, up to this present day, Egypt, that once mighty kingdom, has been in subjection to all the nations round in turn; and has never had an independent government or Prince of its own!

BABYLON was the greatest imperial city the world has ever seen; and while it was at the height of its greatness, THAT Book declared of it, "The wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein; and it shall be *no more inhabited for ever*: neither shall it be dwelt in *from generation to generation*."—Jeremiah l. 39.

FOR TWO THOUSAND years, Babylon, that mighty city, has been a desert—a howling wilderness. It is so at this day. It will be so for ever, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED years ago our Saviour said—"Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."—Luke xxi. 24.

TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED years ago, THE Book had said—"Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar; the Lord of Hosts is his name: IF those ordinances depart from before me, saith the LORD, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me for ever."—Jeremiah xxxi. 35, 36.

It would seem impossible, according to all human experience, that those two prophecies should BOTH come true; that a country should be trodden down by its enemies for so many ages, and yet, that the people of that country should never cease to be a nation! No such thing has ever happened in the history of the world.

Yet, BOTH these prophecies have been fulfilled. FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED years, Jerusalem has been trodden down by the Gentile nations; yet, the Jews, the seed of Israel, though driven out of their own country, and scattered throughout every nation under heaven, have *no more* ceased to be a nation than the sun, or the moon, or the stars have ceased to shine.

Upon that prophecy of our Saviour, the truth

of God and the powers of Satan have been fairly tried.

About the year 361 there arose an emperor of Rome—JULIAN, THE APOSTATE. Of him, in respect of his political wisdom and power, it has been truly said by Montesquieu that, "since his day, there has not been a prince more worthy to govern mankind." A Christian he had been—an infidel he became. He made it the object of his reign and empire to extinguish Christianity, by proving Christ an impostor. He fixed upon that prophecy about Jerusalem, and undertook to falsify it, by rebuilding the Temple at Jerusalem and restoring the Jews. A Christian Bishop of Jerusalem, St. Cyril, like the prophet on Mount Carmel, called on the world to witness and abide by the result.—Socrates, Eccl. Hist. lib. iii., c. 20.

All the power of this world was at command to accomplish what Christ had said should not be done. The workmen commenced their labours. The earth quaked under their feet: the flames burst forth from the foundations they had opened. The work was abandoned before the hand of God!

And then that Christian bishop stood forth before his congregation on Mount Zion: with uplifted hand he pointed to the Temple, and exclaimed—"Behold the Temple of the Jews: God hath destroyed it; have men been able to rebuild it?" And, pointing then to his hearers, the living stones of a spiritual Temple, he exclaimed—"Behold the Church of Christ: God hath established her; have men been able to destroy her?"

Since that day FIFTEEN centuries have rolled away. Jerusalem is still trodden down of the Gentiles, yet the seed of Israel has not ceased to be a nation.

The historian Gibbon, the most learned historian the world has produced—himself an infidel—who wrote his history to make a mock at God—has acknowledged the failure of the Emperor Julian; and has declared that the proofs of the miracle "should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous mind."—History of the Decline and Fall, chap. 23.

Even the infidelity of man has borne witness to God.

Let the world now judge between those who would falsify the words of Christ, and those who put their trust in them.

The proofs of the truth of THAT Book, are more than we can number. ONE there is greater and more precious than any we have given—its power to reveal to man his inmost thoughts; the approval it exacts from his noblest feelings; its capability of supplying every want and aspiration which an immortal spirit is capable of entertaining. We may return hereafter to this best and noblest proof. We must be satisfied for the present to rest upon what St. Peter calls "the sure word of prophecy" (2 Peter i. 19) in proof that THE Book is indeed given by the inspiration of HIM who holds in his hand all the kingdoms of the earth, and ruleth all things after the counsel of his own will.

THAT Book is the source and foundation of our faith; and it is the object of all our labours that it should be a sure and firm foundation for the faith of all our fellow-countrymen.

This is the Book of which some Roman Catholics do tell us, that we could never have known whether it were truly the Word of God or no, unless the Pope of Rome had been pleased to tell us so!

But we say of the Pope of Rome, and of every living man to whom the Word of God has come, that the Word which God has spoken, THAT Word shall judge him at the last day.—John xii. 48.

Let none of our readers now suppose or fear that our arguments against the superstitions or

inventions of men are designed, or are likely, to shake or to unsettle their faith. Our object and our work is for this alone—that every imposture, every superstition, every invention of man, should fall before the truth of God, in order that the Word of Him who cannot lie may stand, and be established, for ever and ever.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In consequence of the considerable number of Subscriptions still unpaid, the publisher will, henceforward, be obliged to discontinue the paper to such *Subscribers* as are in arrear. A Blue Cover will, it is hoped, be taken as a sufficient notification. We have already more than once explained the difficulty of making special applications.

#### CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

SUCH of our readers as have not had the advantage of visiting the Eternal City themselves, will, we think, read with interest the following extracts from the Rev. J. A. Wylie's recent work, entitled "Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber,"\* a volume well worthy of the serious attention of all who desire to know the results of Romanism on the political and social condition of those who live under its sway:—

"Rome, like all other great capitals, is placed on a site worthy of her greatness and renown. No one needs to be told that the seat of that city which, for so many ages, held the sceptre of the world, is the Campagna di Roma.

"I need not dwell on the magnificence of that truly imperial plain, to which nature has given, in a country of hills, dimensions so goodly. From the foot of the Apennines it runs on and on for upwards of a hundred miles, till it meets the Neapolitan frontier at Terracina. Its breadth from the Volscian hills to the sea cannot be less than forty miles. Towards the head of this great plain lies Rome, than which a finer site could nowhere have been found. By nature it is most fertile; its climate is delicious. A boundary of glorious hills encloses it on all sides save the south-west. On the south-east are the gentle Volscians, clothed with flourishing woods, and sparkling with villas. Running up along the plain, and lying due east of Rome, are the Sabine hills, of a deep azure colour, with a fine mottling of light and shade upon their sides. Shutting in the plain on the north, and sweeping round in a magnificent bend towards the west, are the craggy and romantic Apennines. Such was the stage on which sat invincible, eternal Rome. This plain was traversed, moreover, by thirty three highways, which connected the city with every quarter of the habitable globe. Its surface exhibited the richest cultivation. From side to side it was covered with gardens and vineyards, in the verdure and blossoms of an eternal spring; amid which rose the temples of the gods of Rome, the trophies of her warriors, the tombs and monuments of her legislators and orators, and the villas and rural retreats of her senators and merchants. Indeed this plain would seem, in imperial times, to have been one vast city, stretching out from the white strand of the Mediterranean to the summit of the Volscian hills."

What is its state now?

"I had seated myself in front of the vehicle, in the hope of catching the first glimpse of St. Peter's, as its dome should emerge above the plain; but so wretched were our cattle that, though we started at mid-day, and had only fifty miles of road, night fell long before we reached the gates of the Eternal City. I saw the country well, however, so long as daylight lasted. We kept in sight of the shore for twenty-five miles, and glad I was of it; for the waves, with their crest of snow, and voice of thunder, seemed old friends, and I shuddered to think of plunging into that black silent wilderness on the left. At the gates of Civita Vecchia the desolation begins; and such desolation! I had often read that the Campagna was desolate—I had come there expecting to find it desolate—but when I saw that desolation I was confounded. I cannot describe it; it must be seen to be conceived of. It is not that it is silent; the Highlands of Scotland are so. It is not that it is barren; the sands of Arabia are so. They are as they were, and should be. But not so the Campagna. There is something unnatural about its desolation. A statue is as still, as silent, and as cold as the corpse; but, then, it never had life; and while you gaze on the one, the other chills you to the heart. So is it with the Campagna. While the sands of the desert exhilarate you, and the silence of the Swiss or Scottish Highlands are felt to be sublime, the desolation of the Campagna is felt to be unnatural; it overawes and terrifies you. Such a void in the heart of Europe, and that, too, in a land which was the home of art—where war accumulated her spoils, and wealth her treasures—and which gave letters and laws to the surrounding world—is unspeakably confounding. One's faith is staggered in the past history of the country. The first glance of the blackened bosom of the Campagna makes one feel as if he had retrograded to the barbarous ages, or had been carried thousands and thousands of miles from home and set down in a savage country, where the arts had

\* Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliot, 15, Prince's-street. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.